THE

MAID of the OAKS:

A

New Dramatic Entertainment.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

——————nec dulces amores
Sperne Puer, neque tu choreas;
Donec virenti canities abeſt
Moroſa. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand;

Bookſeller to their Royal Highneſſes the PRINCE of WALES, BISHOP of OSNABRUG, PRINCE WILLIAM, and PRINCE EDWARD.

MDCCLXXIV.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

THE

MAID of the OAKS:

43.
7 . 6
227

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Scenes, fully ſenſible how much he owes to the talents of the *Actor*, the *Muſician*, and the *Painter*, can derive no confidence from the ſucceſs of the repreſentation, when he delivers them over to the judgement of the cloſet; But deficient as he may be in the execution of this eſſay, he cannot ſubmit to be thought ignorant in the principles of Dramatic Writing; and would willingly premiſe the origin and progreſs of his deſign, as an explanation, if not a juſtification, of ſome of its imperfections.

Every one may remember how much the Fête Champêtre, given by a noble Lord laſt ſummer, engaged the public curioſity: It was thought, that to preſerve for a more general diſplay, an entertainment of ſo ſingular and elegant a kind, would be not only pleaſing to the public, but ſerviceable to the polite arts. Accordingly, permiſſion having been obtained to employ the muſic, and to copy ſome of the decorations, a plan was projected for adapting them to the Stage.

The

The Fable, by the means of which they were to be introduced, being only the ſecondary object, and the intention *then* to confine the repreſentation to two acts, a plot of the utmoſt ſimplicity was judged the moſt proper; and in that deciſion the Author reſts upon the example of Moliere, and many of the beſt criticks, of, perhaps, the beſt age in Theatrical Hiſtory; who, in pieces of this nature, though they introduced characters of comedy, purpoſely avoided, in ſeveral inſtances, thoſe intricacies and combinations of incidents, which generally, but perhaps falſly, are ſuppoſed eſſential to a regular Drama.

It is not the buſineſs of this preface to draw a parallel between the Engliſh and French Stages, but it may not be out of place, juſt to touch the characters of each, provided it be permitted to lay Shakeſpear out of the queſtion: He ſtands ſingle and inimitable; his excellencies cannot be weighed, becauſe it is impoſſible to counter-ballance the ſcale. Without appeal therefore to his almoſt ſupernatural powers, we may pronounce the properties of our Stage, whether conſidered in Tragedy or Comedy, to conſiſt in energy, ſpirit, ſublimity, force of character, and of expreſſion—like the Hercules of Farneſe, all is muſcle and nerve—with equal truth it muſt be confeſſed, that a few examples excepted, and thoſe not much in the courſe of acting at preſent, we muſt turn to France to find the graces of the Apollo—art, regularity, elegance, delicacy, touches of ſentiment, adapted only to the

moſt

moſt poliſhed manners, diſtinguiſh their Theatres. In literary warfare, we call their compoſitions inſipid; they deſcribe ours as barbarous—both are unjuſt—all will agree, that to blend ſtrength and refinement would be to attain perfection.

No candid reader will ſuppoſe the Author of this piece means to infer, that he has in any degree accompliſhed this union, in the part which has fallen to his ſhare; but, he will be bold to ſay, it is the only part which has been wanting to complete a ſpecies of entertainment new to this country; elegant in its principle, and innocent, if not beneficial, in its tendency. He will be amply rewarded, even in the failure of his ſpecimen, if it excites others, who may be better qualified, to purſue the ſame ideas.

They who ſuppoſe an Engliſh audience, becauſe uſed to plain entertainment, are incapable of reliſhing the moſt refined, are greatly miſtaken. It is true, there will ever be ſpectators in the two extremes of the houſe, who are taſteleſs and deſpicable—to the honour of the town be it ſaid, they are but few—and whether they bawl for a hornpipe from the Upper Gallery, or yawn in the wearineſs of diſſipation in the Boxes, they equally betray ſtupidity, prejudice, or caprice: But the middle claſs and bulk of the aſſembly, like that of the kingdom at large, will ever be on the ſide of nature, truth, and ſenſe. Let the piece be founded upon thoſe principles,

and

and applauſe will follow every circumſtance of elegance and decoration that can accompany them.

A ſincere zeal for the improvement of the ſtage, has prompted this digreſſion. It is requiſite now to return, for a moment, to the hiſtory of the undertaking.

Mr. Garrick, after perufing the outlines of the two original acts, thought he diſcovered in the writer ſome talents for the higher ſpecies of comedy, and encouraged him to extend his plan. The ſcenery alſo, which in the firſt ſketches promiſed a brilliant effect; the compoſition of the muſic, and the names of the dancers who were engaged, all ſeemed to require more diſtinction than could be given to them in an afterpiece. But the moſt prevalent incentive to the Author, was the promiſe of Mr. Garrick's aſſiſtance; his judgement pervaded the whole, and though it may diminiſh the poet, it is the pride of the friend, to make a public acknowledgement to that gentleman, in the words of Horace to Melpomene,

Quod ſpiro, et placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

UNLIKE *to* ancient Fame, *all eyes, tongues, ears,*
See modern Fame, *dreſs'd cap-a-pee, appears,*
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, *and* Gazetteers:
My ſoaring wings are fine Election Speeches,
And puffs of Candidates ſupply my breeches:
My Cap is Satire, Criticiſm, Wit;
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit? [Offering its
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, *and I wind a* horn,
Pipe, Song, and Paſtoral, for five months paſt,
Puff'd well by me, *have been the gen'ral taſte.*
Now Marybone ſhines forth to gaping crouds!
Now Highgate glitters *from her hill of clouds!*
St. George's Fields, with taſte and faſhion ſtruck,
Diſplay Arcadia at the Dog and Duck!
And Drury Miſſes—" here in carmine pride,
" Are there Paſtoras by the fountain ſide!"
To frouzy bow'rs they reel thro' midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Driads breaking lamps;
Both far and near did this new whimſy run,
One night it friſk'd, forſooth, at Iſlington:
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our Manager muſt have his Fête Champétre——

* Arcadia's Counteſs, *here* in *ermine* pride,
Is *there* Paſtora by a fountain ſide. POPE.

How

PROLOGUE.

How is the weather? pretty clear and bright?
[Looking about.
A ſtorm's the devil on Champétre night!
Leſt it ſhould fall to ſpoil the Author's ſcenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:
He means a ſhow, as brilliant as at Cox's——
Laugh for the Pit---and may be at *the Boxes*——
Touches of paſſion, tender, though not tragic,
Strokes at the times---a kind of Lantern Magic;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day;

Whoſe is this piece?---'tis all ſurmiſe---ſuggeſtion---
Is't his?--*or* her's?---*or* your's, *Sir?---that's the queſtion:*
The parent, baſhful, whimſical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door:
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,
*And on the breaſt was written---*MAID O'TH' OAKS.
The actors crouded round; the girls careſs'd it,
"Lord! the ſweet pretty babe!"---they prais'd and bleſs'd it,
The Maſter peep'd---ſmil'd---took it in and dreſs'd it.

Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curſe,
Of being ſmother'd by a pariſh nurſe!
As you're kind, *rear it---if you're* curious, *praiſe it,*
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON,

IN Parliament, whene'er a queſtion comes,
Which makes the Chief *look grave, and bite his thumbs,*
A knowing-one is ſent, fly as a mouſe,
To peep into the humour of the houſe:
I am that mouſe; peeping at friends and foes,
To find which carry it—the Ayes *or* Noes:
With more than pow'r of parliament you ſit,
Deſpotic repreſentatives of wit!
For in a moment, and without much pother,
You can diſſolve *this piece, and* call *another!*
As 'tis no treaſon, let us frankly ſee,
In what they differ, and in what agree,
The ſaid ſupreme aſſembly of the nation,
With this our great Dramatic Convocation!
Buſineſs in both oft meets with interruption:
In both, we truſt, no brib'ry *or* corruption;
Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the beſt Speaker *cannot keep you quiet:*
Nay, there *as* here *he knows not how to ſteer him—*
When order, order's *drown'd in* hear him, hear him!
We have, unlike to them, one conſtant rule,
We open doors, and chooſe our Gall'ries full:
For a full houſe both ſend abroad their ſummons;
With us together ſit the Lords and Commons.
You Ladies here have votes---debate, diſpute,
There if you go (O fye for ſhame!) you're mute:

EPILOGUE.

Never was heard of ſuch a perſecution,
'Tis the great blemiſh of the conſtitution'!
No human laws ſhould nature's *rights abridge,*
Freedom of ſpeech! our deareſt privilege:
Ours is the wiſer ſex, though deem'd the weaker;
I'll put the queſtion---if you chuſe me ſpeaker:
Suppoſe me now be-wigg'd, and ſeated here,
I call to Order!---*you, the* Chair! *the* Chair!
Is it your pleaſure that this Bill ſhould paſs—
Which grants this Poet, upon Mount Parnaſs',
A certain ſpot, where never grew or corn, or graſs?

You that would paſs this play, ſay *Aye*, and ſave it;
You that ſay *No* would damn it---the *Ayes* have it.

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Mr. Oldworth,	—	Mr. AIKIN.
Old Groveby,	—	Mr. KING.
Sir Harry Groveby,	—	Mr. BRERETON.
Mr. Dupeley,	—	Mr. DODD.
Hurry,	—	Mr. WESTON.
Painter,	—	Mr. MOODY.
Architect,	—	Mr. FAWCETT.
Druid,	—	Mr. BANISTER.
Shepherds,	—	Mr. VERNON, Mr. DAVIS, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady Bab Lardoon,	—	Mrs. ABINGTON.
Maria,	—	Mrs. BADDELEY.
Shepherdeſſes,	—	Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. Scott, &c.

Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Oldborn,	—	[illegible]
Old Grovely,	—	Mr. [illegible]
Sir Harry Grovely,	—	Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Dapley,	—	[illegible]
Harry,	—	Mr. Wewitzer.
Tailor,	—	Mr. [illegible]
Architect,	—	[illegible]
Druids,	—	Mr. [illegible]
Shepherds,	—	{ Mr. Vernon. Mr. Davis, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady Dab Lardoon,	—	Mrs. Alsop.
Maria,	—	Mrs. [illegible]
Shepherdesses,	—	{ Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Scott, &c.

Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.

THE MAID of the OAKS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY *and Mr.* DUPELEY, *meeting.*

Sir HARRY.

DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldſworth's Oaks—Friendſhip I ſee has wings, as well as love—you arrive at the moment I wiſhed; I hope in your haſte you have not forgot a fancy dreſs.

DUPELEY.

No, no; I am a true friend, and prepar'd for all your whimſies, amorous and poetical. Your ſummons found me the day after my arrival, and I took poſt immediately—next to my eagerneſs to

ſee you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champétre—Novelty and pleaſure are the beings I purſue—They have led me half the world over already, and for ought I know they may ſometime or other carry me to the Otaheite.

Sir HARRY.

You have purſued but their ſhadows—here they reign, in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the ſmiles of the ſweet Maid of the Oaks.

DUPELEY.

Who, in the name of curioſity, is ſhe that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapſody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never ſaw—What, are we to have a repreſentation of the Paſtor-fido in a Garden?

Sir HARRY.

The Paſtor-fido is before you *in propria perſona*; the buſineſs of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupeley is invited to ſee his friend, Sir Harry Grovebey, united to the moſt charming of her ſex.

DUPELEY.

The devil it is! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, ſacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, prithee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who ſhe is.

Sir HARRY.

An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whoſe ſeat you now are: His character is ſingular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great eſtate, and liberally educated, his diſ-

diſpoſition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hoſpitality are boundleſs; and theſe qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimſical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the poliſh of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr. Oldworth, I preſent you my friend; he is juſt arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendſhip.

OLDWORTH.

To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the beſt recommendation. *(To Dupeley)*—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whoſe merit he has diſcern'd and lov'd for its own ſake: Such nuptials ſhould recal the ideas of a better age; he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I ſhall be happy to receive the judgement of an accompliſh'd critic.

DUPELEY.

Sir, by what I already ſee of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the maſter, I am perſuaded the talent moſt neceſſary for the company will be that of giving due praiſe.

Enter HURRY.

HURRY.

Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honeyſuckles

ſuckles—one of the cooks ſtumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white waſh—a lamp-lighter ſpilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart, and they have ſent for more roſes, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

OLDWORTH.

Why, honeſt Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in ſuch haſte about 'em—Mercy on us! my Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

HURRY.

Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left theſe three hours; all the girls in the pariſh have been ſcrambling for them, and I muſt get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is ſo much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

(Oldworth and Hurry talk together.

DUPELEY.

Ha, ha, ha, is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the poliſh of courts?

Sir HARRY.

If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as buſy, as important, and as inſignificant, upon yet more trifling occaſions?—Why, my friend Hurry's is the true buſtle of an antichamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the maſter at the bottom of it.

(During this ſpeech Hurry is expreſſing by his action his impatience for Oldworth to go.

HURRY.

HURRY.

Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. [*Exit.*

OLDWORTH.

Mr. Dupeley, you'll excuſe me—Hurry convinces me, my preſence is neceſſary elſewhere—this is a buſy day!

DUPELY.

The greateſt compliment you can pay me, is not not to look upon me as a ſtranger.

OLDWORTH.

I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—ſhe promiſed to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

DUPELY.

Who is ſhe, pray?

Sir HARRY.

Oh, ſhe's a ſuperiour!—a phœnix!—more worthy your curioſity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is call'd *very* fine life, and the firſt female gameſter of the time.

OLDWORTH.

For all that, ſhe is amiable—one cannot help diſcerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and underſtanding; though ſhe is an example, that neither is proof againſt a falſe education, and a rage for faſhionable exceſſes—But when you ſee her, ſhe will beſt explain herſelf—This fellow will give me no reſt.

HURRY

HURRY *returns.*

Reſt, Sir, why I have not ſlept this forthnight; come along, Sir, pray make haſte—nothing's to be done without it.

OLDWORTH.

Nor with it, honeſt Hurry. [*Exit with Hurry.*

DUPELEY.

A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with *his ward and his love of merit for its own ſake*—ha, ha, ha!—pr'ythee how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir HARRY.

Don't ſneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progreſs of amuſement to this ſide the country: The ſtory is too delicate for thy reliſh; ſuffice it that I came, ſaw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married inſtantly; but that Oldworth oppoſed my precipitancy, and inſiſted upon a probation of ſix months abſence—It has been a purgatory!

DUPELEY.

All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education—I ſhould like to ſee the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Sir HARRY.

There is not a fellow in England has a more ſuſceptible heart: You may have learnt in your foreign tour to diſguiſe it, but if you have loſt it, put all your acquiſitions together, and the ballance will be againſt you.

DUPELEY.

I have learned at leaſt, not to have it impoſed upon: Shew me but a woman from an Italian Princeſs,

Princeſs, to a figurante at the French opera; or change the ſcene, and carry me to the rural nymphs from a vintage in Burgundy, to a dance round a may-pole at Oldſworth's Oaks—and at the firſt glance I will diſcover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as eaſily as a tame ſparrow.

Sir HARRY.

And pray, my ſagacious friend, upon what circumſtances have you formed your ſuſpicions that *I* am more likely to be impos'd upon than yourſelf?

DUPELEY.

Upon every one I have ſeen and heard; but above all upon that natural propenſity of every true home-bred Engliſhman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir HARRY.

I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

DUPELEY.

Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clariſſa Harlowe, and the girl that ſteals a heart in a country church, or ſhe that picks your pocket in Covent-Garden, are one and the ſame creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them firſt—Oh do but try them by the principle I have laid down; you'll find them as tranſparent as glaſs.

Sir HARRY.

My own principle will anſwer my purpoſe juſt as well; with that perſpective I have looked through the

the woman, and diſcovered the angel; and you will do the ſame when you ſee her, or never brag of your eye-ſight more.

DUPELEY.

Rhapſody and enthuſiaſm!—I ſhould as ſoon diſcover Mahomet's ſeventh heaven; but what ſays your uncle, old Groveby, to this match?

Sir HARRY.

Faith I have aſked him no queſtions, and why ſhould I? when I know what muſt be his anſwer.

DUPELEY.

Oh, he can never diſapprove a paſſion that ſoars above the ſtars!

Sir HARRY.

He has all the prejudices of his years, and wordly knowledge; the common old Gentleman's character—You may ſee it in every drama from the days of Terence, to thoſe of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite ſo much good humour, and ſo little obſtinacy as my Uncle ſhews. He is ever moſt impetuous, when moſt kind; and I dare truſt his reſentment will end with a dramatic forgiveneſs. Should it not, I may have pride in the ſacrifice of his eſtate, but no regret.—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

DUPELEY.

'Gad I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for ſucceeding at the divorce-ſhop next winter? It would be ſome comfort to your friends, to ſee you had a retreat in your head.

Sir HARRY.

Charles, I have liſtened to your raillery with more

more patience than it deſerves, and ſhould at laſt be out of humour with ſuch an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not ſure your good ſenſe would ſoon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever ſeeing a man in his natural character, or converſing with a woman of principle: and then, for fear of being impoſed upon, be really dup'd out of the moſt valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendſhip, and eſteem in love.

Enter HURRY.

Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you, why almoſt every thing is ready, except yourſelf, and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and ſhe is ſo dreſs'd, and looks ſo charming!

Sir HARRY.

Propitipus be the hour!—here, Hurry, find out this Gentleman's ſervant, and ſhew him where he is to dreſs. [*Exit.*

DUPELEY.

Oh, take care of yourſelf, Corydon, the firſt, I ſhall be time enough; Hurry ſhall firſt ſhew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here? (*Approaching the ſide ſcene.*)

HURRY.

Hold, Sir, not that way; my Maſter lets no body ſee his devices and figaries there.

DUPELEY.

Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

HURRY.

Doing!—as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope no body hears us. (*Look-*

ing about.) Why, he is going to make the ſun ſhine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thouſand yards of ſail-cloth, for fear the rain ſhould put it out —lord, ſuch doings!—here, this way, your honour.

DUPELEY.

But hark'ee, honeſt Hurry, do ſtand ſtill a moment to oblige me.

HURRY.

Stand ſtill, Sir!—lord, Sir, if I ſtand ſtill, every thing ſtands ſtill; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* ſhould we make of it! *(Always reſtleſs.)*

DUPELEY.

You ſeem to know every thing here?

HURRY.

To be ſure I do—I am no fool I believe—what think you, Sir?

DUPELEY.

He that takes you for a fool, is not over wiſe, I warrant him; therefore let me aſk you a queſtion or two.

HURRY.

To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have ſo many queſtions to aſk myſelf, and ſo many anſwers to give, that I have not five minutes to ſpare.

DUPELEY.

Three minutes will do my buſineſs: Who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

HURRY.

A young lady, Sir.

DUPELEY.

I thought as much. *(Smiling.)* You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

HUR-

HURRY.

I court her!—heaven forbid!—ſhe's going to be married, Sir.

DUPELEY.

Well ſaid ſimplicity! If you won't tell me *who* ſhe is, tell me *what* ſhe is?

HURRY.

She is one of the moſt charmingeſt, ſweeteſt, delightfuleſt, mildeſt, beutifuleſt, modeſteſt, genteeleſt, never to be prais'd enough young creature in all the world!

DUPELEY.

True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

HURRY.

It's a wiſe child that knows its own father; lord bleſs her! ſhe does not want a father.

DUPELEY.

Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

HURRY.

Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wiſhes to be her huſband; and ſo, Sir, if you have more queſtions to aſk, I'll anſwer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where.

(*Buſtles about.*

DUPELEY.

Shew me my chamber to dreſs, and I'll deſire no more of you at preſent.

HURRY.

Bleſs your honour for letting me go; I have been very miſerable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, Sir. [*Exit.*

DUPELEY.

What a character!—yet he has his cunning, though the ſimpleſt ſwain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An out-ſide Building, workmen of all ſorts paſſing to-and-fro.

ARCHITECT,

(*As ſpeaking to perſons at work behind the Side-ſcene.*

Come, buſtle away, my lads, ſtrike the ſcaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the reſt of the feſtoons there on the top of the columns.

Firſt GARDENER.

Holloa! you Sir! where are you running with thoſe flowers?

Second GARDENER.

They're wanted for the Arcades; we can have no deceit there—if you want more here, you may make them of paper—any thing will go off by candle-light.

Firſt LAMP-LIGHTER, (*running.*)

They want above a hundred more lamps yonder, for the illumination of the Portico.

Second LAMP-LIGHTER.

Then they may get tallow-candles, I ſhan't have enough to make the ſky clear in the ſaloon—that damn'd Iriſh painter has made his ground ſo dingy, one might as ſoon make his head tranſparent as his portico.

Enter

Enter Iriſh PAINTER.

PAINTER.

Arrah! what is that you ſay of my head, Mr. Lamp-lighter?

Second LAMP-LIGHTER.

I ſay you have ſpoil'd the tranſparency by putting black, where you ſhould have put blue.

PAINTER,

(Dabbing his bruſh acroſs his face.

There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it ſo eaſily—Trot away with your ladder upon your ſhoulder, or the devil fire me but you ſhall have black and blue both, my dear.

ARCHITECT, *(returning.)*

Good words, good words, gentlemen; no quarrelling—Your ſervant, Mr. *O'Daub*; upon my word you have hit off thoſe ornaments very well—the firſt painter we have here could not have done better.

PAINTER.

No faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; ſure *O'Daub* was a ſcene painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

ARCHITECT,

You a ſcene painter!

PAINTER.

Ay, by my ſoul was I, and for foreign countries too.

ARCHITECT.

Where was that pray?

PAINTER.

Faith, I painted a whole ſet for the Swiſh, who carried

carries the temple of Jeruſalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a half-penny a-piece for his ſhew.

ARCHITECT. *(ironically.)*

I wiſh we had known your merits, you ſhould certainly have been employ'd in greater parts of the work.

PAINTER.

And, by my ſoul, it would have been better for you if you had—I would have put out Mr. *Lanternbug*'s ſtars with one daſh of my pincil, by making them five times more bright—Ho! if you had ſeen the ſign of a ſetting ſun, that I painted for a linen-draper, in Bread-ſtreet, in Dublin—Devil burn me but the *Auroree* of O'Guide was a fool to it.

ARCHITECT.

O'Guide!—who is he? Guid-o, I ſuppoſe you mean.

PAINTER.

And if he has an O to his name, what ſignifies whether it comes before or behind—Faith I put it like my own of O'Daub, on the right ſide, to make him ſound more like a gentleman—beſides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

Enter CARPENTERS, *&c.*

Firſt CARPENTER.

Well, Sir, the ſcaffold's down, and we are woundy dry—we have toil'd like horſes.

ARCHITECT.

Reſt you merry, Maſter Carpenter—take a draught of the 'Squire's liquor, and welcome, you ſhall ſwim in it, when all is over.

PAINTER.

PAINTER.

Fait let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loſs of time neither—we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour—and ſo his honour and the *ſham-pater* will gain by the loſs.

Firſt GARDENER.

Well ſaid, O'Daub! and if you will give us the ſong you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier ſtill.

ARCHITECT.

Can you rhime, O'Daub?

PAINTER.

Yes fait, as well as paint—all the difference is, I do one with a bruſh, and t'other with a pen; I do one with my head, and both with my hands—and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhymes and raiſins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own bruſhes ramm'd down my throat, and ſo ſpoil me for a ſinger as well as a poet hereafter.

ARCHITECT.

Well ſaid, Maſter Painter!

Enter the ſeveral TRADESMEN.

SONG.

By the IRISH PAINTER, to an Iriſh Tune.

Then away to Champétre, Champétre come all away,
To work at Champétre is nothing at all but play;
As I know nothing of it, no more, my dear, will I ſay,
But Champétre for ever, for ever, and ay, I ſay!

You

II.

You may gueſs what a ſight, for it never has yet been ſeen,
Heav'n bleſs her ſweet face! 'tis a ſight for the lovely Queen;
For Lords, and for Earls, and for Gentlefolks too,
And the buſy Beau Monde, who have nothing to do.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

III.

While 'tis light you'll ſee nothing, when darker, O then you'll ſee,
That the darker it is, the more light it will quickly be;
The moon and the ſtars, they may twinkle and go to bed,
We can make better ſun-ſhine, than ſuch as they ever made.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

IV.

Such crowds and confuſions, ſuch uproar and ſuch delight,
With lamps hung by thouſands, to turn the day into night;
There will be Ruſſians, Turks, Pruſſians, and Dutchmen, ſo bright and gay,
And they'll all be ſo fine, they'll have nothing at all to ſay.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

V.

Then let's take a drink to the 'Squire of the Jolly Oaks,
May no crabbed critics come here with their gibes or jokes;
If they did I could make the dear craters ſoon change their notes,
With my little black bruſh I could ſweep clean their noiſy throats!
Then away to Champétre, &c.

(Exeunt ſinging.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE the OAKS.

MARIA ſitting under a great Tree.

SINGS.

COME ſing round my favourite tree,
Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove,
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclin'd on the turf by my ſide,
He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.

DA CAPO.

Come ſing, &c.

Enter OLDWORTH.

OLDWORTH.

Joy to my ſweet Maria! may long ſucceeding years reſemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love ſtill inſpire her ſong, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! but come, my girl, if there is a wiſh remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this laſt hour of my cares, I ſhall not be a ſtranger to it.

MARIA.

If I have a wiſh you have not indulged, Sir, I fear it muſt be an improper one, or it would not have eſcaped you.

OLDWORTH.

You ſeem diſconcerted, Maria, be more explicit.

MARIA.

My mind is incapable of reſerve with you; the moſt generous of men, is on the point of giving his hand to your—what ſhall I call myſelf? I am almoſt nameleſs, but as the creature of your bounty and cares, this title gives me a value in my own eyes; but I fear it is all I have to boaſt. The myſtery you have kept, makes me apprehenſive there is ſomething in my origin ought to be concealed—what am I to interpret from your ſmiles?

OLDWORTH.

Every thing that is contrary to your ſurmiſes: be patient, ſweet Maid of the Oaks; before night all myſteries ſhall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feaſt for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princeſs of diſſipation! catch an obſervation of her while you can, Maria; for though ſhe has been but three days out of London, ſhe is as uneaſy as a mole in ſun-ſhine, and would expire, if ſhe did not ſoon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady BAB.

Lady BAB.

Dear Maria, I am happy to be the firſt of your company to congratulate you—well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Féte; it is ſo novel, ſo French, ſo expreſſive of what every body under-

underſtands, and nobody can explain; then there is ſomething ſo ſpirited in an undertaking of ex pence, where a ſhower of rain would ſpoil it all.

OLDWORTH.

I did not expect to eſcape from ſo fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you ſee here.

Laugh where you muſt, be candid where you can.

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals, or politeneſs of the company, and at the ſame time ſets thouſands of the induſtrious to work, cannot be thought blame worthy.

Lady BAB.

Oh, quite the contrary, and I am ſure it will have a run; a force upon the ſeaſons and the manners is the true teſt of a refined taſte, and it holds good from a cucumber at Chriſtmas, to an Italian opera.

MARIA.

Is the rule the ſame among the ladies, lady Bab; is it alſo a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

Lady BAB.

Not abſolutely in all things, though more ſo than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumſtances that ſeem moſt natural, faſhion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry in this country, if it was not for the ſake of reputation.

OLDWORTH.

What do you mean?

Lady BAB.

Why, that a woman without a connection,

grows every day a more awkward perſonage; one might as well go into company without powder—if one does not *really* deſpiſe old vulgar prejudices, it is abſolutely neceſſary to affect it, or one muſt ſit at home alone.

OLDWORTH.

Indeed!

Lady BAB.

Yes, like lady Sproſe, and talk morals to the parrot.

MARIA.

This is new, indeed; I always ſuppoſed that in places where freedom of manners was moſt countenanced, a woman of unimpeachable conduct carried a certain reſpect.

Lady BAB.

Only fit for ſheep-walks and *Oakeries!*—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—in town it wou'd juſt raiſe you to the whiſt-party of old lady Cypher, Mrs. Squabble and lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you wou'd ſtand among the footmen to call your own chair, while all the maccaronies paſſed by, whiſtling a ſong through their tooth-picks, and giving a ſhrug---*dem it, 'tis pity that ſo fine a woman ſhou'd be loſt to all common decency.*

MARIA, *(ſmiling)*

I believe I had better ſtay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I ſhall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

Lady BAB.

Oh, my dear, you have choſe a horrid word to expreſs the intercourſe of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is chuſing a ſilk,

ſilk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite ſince your time Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greateſt improvement the beau monde ever made.

OLDWORTH.

A certain eaſe was always an eſſential part of good breeding, but lady Bab muſt explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

Lady BAB.

I mean that participation of ſociety, in which the French uſed to excel, and we have now ſo much outdone our models—I maintain, that among the *ſuperior* ſet—mind, I only ſpeak of them—our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they ever were before in any age or country.

OLDWORTH.

And pray how has this happy reſolution been effected?

Lady BAB.

By the moſt charming of all inſtitutions, wherein we ſhew the world, that liberty is as well underſtood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Conſtitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumſtance (petticoats excepted) are true lively jolly fellows.

MARIA.

But does not this give occaſion to a thouſand malicious inſinuations?

Lady BAB.

Ten thouſand, my dear—but no *great meaſures* can

can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

OLDWORTH.

Paying of reckonings is I confeſs new ſince my time; and I ſhould be afraid it might ſometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

Lady BAB.

A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards, loſt a hundred and thirty to me upon ſcore at one time; I have not eat him half out yet—he will keep me beſt part of next winter; but excluſive of that, the club is the greateſt ſyſtem of œconomy for married families, ever yet eſtabliſhed.

OLDWORTH.

Indeed! but how ſo, pray?

Lady BAB.

Why, all the ſervants may be put to board wages, or ſent into the country, except the footmen—no plunder of houſe-keepers, or maitres de hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander proteſts ſhe has wanted no proviſion in her family theſe ſix months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governeſs—then our dinner-ſocieties are ſo amuſing, all the doves and hawks together, and one converſes ſo freely; there's no topick of White's or Almack's, in which we do not bear a part.

MARIA.

Upon my word I ſhould be a little afraid, that ſome of thoſe ſubjects might not always be managed with ſufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, eſpecially an unmarried one.

Lady BAB.

Lady BAB.

Bleſs me! why where's the difference? Miſs muſt have had a ſtrange education indeed, not to know as much as her Chapron: I hope you would not have the daughters black-ball'd, when the mothers are choſe: Why it is almoſt the only place where ſome of them are likely to ſee each other.

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY.

Sir HARRY.

I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almoſt on the point, the whole country is beginning to aſſemble; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing,

And while the prieſt accuſe the Bride's delay,
Roſes and myrtles ſhall obſtruct her way.

MARIA.

Repugnance would be affectation, my heart is all your own, and I ſcorn the look or action that does not avow it.

OLDWORTH.

Come, Sir Harry, leave your proteſtations, which my girl does not want; and ſee a fair ſtranger.

Lady BAB.

Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happineſs---and do not think me ſo taſteleſs, Maria, as not to acknowledge an attachment like yours, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the firſt happineſs in life: But that you know is totally out of the queſtion in town; the matrimonial comforts in *our* way, are abſolutely reduced to two; to

plague

plague a man, and to bury him; the glory is to plague him firſt, and *bury him* afterwards.

Sir HARRY.

I heartily congratulate Lady Bab. and all who are to partake of her converſation, upon her being able to bring ſo much vivacity into the country.

Lady BAB.

Nothing but the Fête Champétre could have effected it, for I ſet out in miſerable ſpirits—I had a horrid run before I left town—I ſuppoſe you ſaw my name in the papers.

Sir HARRY.

I did, and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

MARIA.

Your name in the papers! Lady Bab, for what pray?

Lady BAB.

The old ſtory—it is a mark of inſignificance now to be left out: Have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

MARIA.

Not that I know of; and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

Lady BAB.

Oh, but you will have it—the Fête Champétre will be a delightful ſubject!—To be complimented one day, laugh'd at the next, and abuſed the third; you can't imagine how amuſing it is to read one's own name at breakfaſt in a morning paper.

MARIA.

Pray, how long may your ladyſhip have been accuſtomed to this pleaſure?

Lady

Lady BAB.

Lord, a great while, and in all its ſtages: They firſt began with a modeſt inuendo, "*we hear a certain Lady, not a hundred miles from Hanoverſquare, loſt, at one ſitting, ſome nights ago, two thouſand guineas*—O tempora! O mores!"

OLDWORTH, (*laughing*)

Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the Printer's?

Lady BAB.

His, you may be ſure; a dab of Latin adds ſurprizing force to a paragraph, beſides ſhewing the learning of the author.

OLDWORTH.

Well, but really I don't ſee ſuch a great matter in this; why ſhould you ſuppoſe any body applied this paragraph to you?

Lady BAB.

None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's pariſh; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italicks: "It is ſaid, Lady B. L's ill ſucceſs ſtill continues at the quinze table: it was obſerved, the ſame Lady appeared yeſterday at court, in a *ribband collier*, having laid aſide her *diamond* necklace, (diamond in italicks) as totally bourgeoiſe and unneceſſary for the dreſs of a woman of faſhion."

OLDWORTH.

To be ſure this *was* advancing a little in *familiarity*.

Lady BAB.

At laſt, to my infinite amuſement, out I came at full length: "*Lady Bab. Lardoon has tumbled down*

three nights ſucceſſively; a certain colonel has done the ſame, and we hear that both parties keep houſe with ſprained ancles."

OLDWORTH.

This laſt paragraph ſounds a little enigmatical.

MARIA.

And do you really feel no reſentment at all this?

Lady BAB.

Reſentment!—poor ſilly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt thoſe of my circle treat a remonſtrance——but hark, I hear the paſtoral's beginning. (*Muſic behind*) Lord, I hope I ſhall find a ſhepherd!

OLDWORTH.

The moſt elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

Lady BAB.

You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been ſo long abroad?

Sir HARRY.

The very ſame; but I'm afraid he will never do, he is but half a maccaroni.

Lady BAB.

And very poſſibly the worſt half: It is a vulgar idea to think foreign accompliſhments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir HARRY.

Lady Bab, I wiſh you would undertake him; he ſeems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel, and thinks himſelf quite an over-

over-match for the fair ſex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

Lady BAB.

O, is that his turn? what, he has been ſtudying ſome late poſthumous letters I ſuppoſe?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of ſuch a fellow!—where is he?

Sir HARRY.

He is only gone to dreſs; I appointed to meet him on the other ſide the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

Lady BAB.

I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naïveté*—he never ſaw me—the dreſs I am going to put on for the Fête will do admirably to impoſe upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocriſy, and his *graces*, and his *uſage du monde*.

Sir HARRY.

My life for it he will begin an acquaintance with you.

Lady BAB.

If he don't, I'll begin with him: There are two characters, under which one may ſay any thing to a man; that of perfect aſſurance, and of perfect innocence: Maria may be the beſt critick of the laſt; but under the *appearance* of it, lord have mercy!—I have heard and ſeen ſuch things!

Enter HURRY, *(running.)*

HURRY.

Here they come! here they come! give them

room! pray, Sir, ſtand a little back—a little further, your honourable ladyſhip, let the happy couple ſtand foremoſt—here they come!

OLDWORTH.

And, pray, when you can find breath to be underſtood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

HURRY.

All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roſes in another, and their pretty partners in another, and ſome are ſinging, and all ſo merry!

OLDWORTH.

Stand ſtill, Hurry; I foreſaw you would be a fad maſter of the ceremonies; why they ſhould not have appeared till the Lawn was full of company; they were to have danced there—you have let them in too ſoon by an hour.

HURRY.

Lord, Sir! 'twas impoſſible to keep them out.

OLDWORTH.

Impoſſible! why, I am ſure they did not knock you down.

HURRY.

No, but they did worſe; for the pretty maids ſmiled, and ſmirked, and were ſo coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and ſweet Hurry, and one call'd me pretty Hurry, and I did but juſt open the door a moment, fleſh and blood could not reſiſt it, and ſo they all ruſhed by.

OLD-

OLDWORTH.

Ay, and now we ſhall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

HURRY.

No, Sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir HARRY.

Ay, here they come croſs the lawn—I agree with Hurry, fleſh and blood could not ſtop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they muſt have their courſe.

HURRY.

Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyſhip! you ſhall ſee ſuch dancing, and hear ſuch ſinging!

Enter First Shepherd, *very gayly, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

SONG.

SHEPHERD.

Hither, ye ſwains, with dance and ſong,
Join your bands in ſportive meaſure;
Hither, ye ſwains, with dance and ſong,
Merrily, merrily, trip it along:
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,
Life, health, and joy, to the Lord of the village.
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love and pleaſure:
Hither, ye ſwains, with dance and ſong.
Join your bands in ſportive meaſure.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye ſwains, &c.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS.

Hither, ye nymphs, and ſcatter around
Every ſweet the ſpring diſcloſes;
Hither, ye nymphs, and ſcatter them round,
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground
The feaſt of the day is devoted to beauty,
Sorrow is treaſon, and pleaſure a duty:
Love ſhall preſide,
Sovereign guide!
Fetter his wings with links of roſes:
Hither, ye nymphs, and ſcatter around,
Every ſweet the ſpring diſcloſes.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye nymphs, &c.

BOTH.

Laſſes and lads, with dance and ſong,
Join your bands in ſportive meaſure:
Laſſes and lads, with dance and ſong,
Merrily, merrily trip it along:
An hour of youth is worth ages of reaſon,
'Tis the ſunſhine of life, take the gift of the ſeaſon,
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love and pleaſure.

CHORUS.

Laſſes and lads, &c.

HURRY.

So much for ſinging, and now for dancing; pray, give 'em room, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Here a GRAND DANCE,

Of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES,

Which finiſhes the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Garden Gate.*

(*Noiſe without,*)

INDEED, Sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: Pray don't inſiſt upon it.

Enter Old GROVEBY, *booted and ſplaſh'd, puſhing in* HURRY.

GROVEBY.

I muſt ſee Sir Harry Groveby, and I will ſee him. Do ye think, ye Jackanapes, that I come to rob the houſe?

HURRY.

That is not the caſe, Sir; nobody viſits my maſter to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how ſhall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they pleaſe, and when they pleaſe?

GROVEBY.

What, have you a ſtage play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

HURRY.

As you don't know what we have here to-day, I muſt deſire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won't ſee you to-day, he has a great deal of buſineſs upon his hands; and you can't be admitted without

without a ticket; and moreover you are in ſuch a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dreſs.

GROVEBY.

This is a dreſs after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worſe, if you don't immediately ſhew me to Sir Harry Groveby—— *(Shaking his whip.*

HURRY.

Sir Harry's going to be married—What would the man have?

GROVEBY.

I would have a ſight of him *before* he goes to be married. I ſhall marr his marriage, I believe. (*aſide*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

HURRY.

Are you ſo, Sir? Bleſs my heart! why would you not ſay ſo?—This way, good Sir! it was impoſſible to know you, in ſuch a figure; I could ſooner have taken you for a ſmuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir—If you will pleaſe to walk in that Grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm ſorry for what has happened—but you did not ſay you were a gentleman, and it was impoſſible to take you for one—no offence, I hope.

GROVEBY.

None at all, if you do as I bid you.

HURRY.

That I will, to be ſure. I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

GROVE.

GROVEBY.

O, ay to be ſure—It is true, I ſee; I come at the very inſtant of his perdition—whether I ſucceed or not, I ſhall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body's knowing any thing about her; and without ſo much as ſaying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave:* If he will prefer the indulgence of a boyiſh paſſion, to my affection and two thouſand pounds per annum; let him be as merry as he pleaſes. I ſhall return to Gloomſtock-hall, and make a new will directly. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a* GROVE.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

I wiſh I may have ſtrength to ſupport my happineſs: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wiſhes, my heart, I don't know how, feels ſomething like diſtreſs—But what ſtrange perſon is coming this way? How got he admitted in that ſtrange dreſs?

Enter GROVEBY.

GROVEBY.

Madam, your ſervant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman—If I diſturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

MARIA.

Indeed, Sir, you don't diſturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir?

GROVEBY.

Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, buſtling, reſtleſs fellow, is gone to do my buſineſs: and if I might be permitted to ſay a word or two, in the mean time, to ſo fair a creature, I ſhould acknowledge it a moſt particular favour: But I intrude, I fear.

MARIA.

Indeed you don't, Sir---I ſhould be happy to oblige you.

GROVEBY.

And you make me happy by ſuch civility---This is a moſt lovely creature! (*aſide.*

MARIA.

Who can this be? (*aſide.*

GROVEBY.

I find, Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

MARIA.

Yes, Sir; a very ſplendid one, by the preparations.

GROVEBY.

A very fooliſh buſineſs to make ſuch a fuſs about a matter which both parties may have reaſon to curſe this time twelve month.

MARIA.

I hope not, Sir---Do you know the parties?

GROVEBY.

One of them, too well, by being a near relation---Do you know the bride, young lady?

MARIA.

Pretty well, Sir: my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day. (*Maria ſeems confus'd.*

GROVE-

GROVEBY.

Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know ſomething about her---but you are partial to her, and won't ſpeak your mind.

MARIA.

I am, indeed, partial to her---every body is too partial to her---her fortune is much above her deſerts.

GROVEBY.

Ay, ay, I thought ſo---ſweet lady, your ſincerity is as lovely as your perſon---you really think then, ſhe does not deſerve ſo good a match?

MARIA.

Deſerve it, Sir! ſo far from deſerving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deſerve Sir Harry Groveby.

GROVEBY.

What a ſenſible ſweet creature this is! (*aſide.*) Young lady, your underſtanding is very extraordinary for your age---you ſincerely think then, that this is a very unequal match?

MARIA.

Indeed I do, very ſincerely——

GROVEBY.

And that it ought not to be.

MARIA.

Ought not to be, Sir! (*heſitating.*) That, Sir, is another queſtion---If Sir Harry has promis'd—and the young lady's affections——

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be ſure, the young lady's affections! t' are more to be conſider'd than the young man's cr or the old man's happineſs---But pray, fair y lady, what are your real ſentiments of this incog

MARIA.

Upon my word, Sir—(*heſitates.*) I ſcarce know how to anſwer your queſtion— (*much confus'd.*

GROVEBY.

Your delicacy to your friend won't let you ſpeak out; but I underſtand your objections---Nay, I feel 'em ſo much, that I am come on purpoſe to break the match.

MARIA. (*aſtoniſh'd.*)

Indeed, Sir!

GROVEBY.

Ay, indeed am I---a ſilly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go ſo far---I ſuppoſe ſome intereſted creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

MARIA.

Your nephew, Sir!

GROVEBY.

Yes, yes, my nephew; but he muſt give up his girl, or renounce the relationſhip.

MARIA.

But conſider, Sir; what the poor young woman muſt ſuffer!

GROVEBY.

She *ought* to ſuffer, a deſigning baggage! I'll be ng'd if it is not ſome demure looking chit, with a ſkin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that lone all this miſchief; you think ſo too, but you ſpeak out.

MARIA.

MARIA.

But if Sir Harry is contented with ſuch ſmall accompliſhments——

GROVEBY.

He contented, a ſimpleton! don't ſay a word in his favour; have not you confeſſed, though her friend, that ſhe does not deſerve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good ſenſe, and can ſee his folly: You can't give up your friend to be ſure; I ſee your affection ſtruggling with your underſtanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

MARIA.

For heaven's ſake, Sir!——I convinc'd you!

GROVEBY.

Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you*; and if he had, there had been ſome excuſe for his folly; on my word you are ſo ſenſible and ſincere, I could fall in love with you myſelf---don't bluſh, maiden---I proteſt I never was half ſo much ſmitten in ſo ſhort a time, when I was as young a fool as my Nephew---don't bluſh, damſel---

MARIA.

You overpower me with your goodneſs; but, Sir, pray, let me plead for him.

GROVEBY.

Nay, nay, ſweet young lady, don't contradict yourſelf; you ſpoke your ſentiments at firſt---truth is a charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you ſhould never be aſunder. My nephew, (as you hinted at firſt) is a very ſilly fellow, and in ſhort it is a damn'd match.

Enter

Enter Sir HARRY.

(Who ſtarts at ſeeing his Uncle, and looks aſham'd)

MARIA.

I cannot ſtand this interview. *(Exit.*

GROVEBY.

O, your humble ſervant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir HARRY.

My dear Uncle, I am ſo happy—

GROVEBY.

O, to be ſure—you are very happy to ſee me here. *(Sir Harry looks confuſed)* O, ho, you have ſome modeſty left—And ſo you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir HARRY.

Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to truſt your prudence with my ſeeming indiſcretion; but were you to know the object of my choice——

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be ſure, I ſhall be bamboozeled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I ſhall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir HARRY.

Mr. Oldworth, Sir, is all probity, he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his conſent, without your's.

GROVEBY.

Ay, to be ſure, they have ſet a ſimpleton-trap, and you have popp'd your head into it; but I have but a ſhort word to ſay to you, give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir

Sir HARRY.

Let me intreat you to ſee her firſt.

GROVEBY.

I have ſeen a young lady; and I am ſo put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if ſhe would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her witnout a petticoat to Gloomſtock-Hall, and have my Champétre-wedding too.

Sir HARRY.

You are at liberty, Sir—

GROVEBY.

To play the fool, as you have done—her own friend and companion told me ſhe was undeſerving!

Sir HARRY.

That Maria was undeſerving! where is ſhe who told you ſo? who is ſhe?

GROVEBY.

Your aunt, Sir, that may be; if I could get to talk to her again—ſo don't be in your airs—

Sir HARRY.

Should ſhe dare to hint, or utter the leaſt injurious ſyllable of my Maria, I would forget her ſex, and treat her—

GROVEBY.

And if you ſhould dare to hint, or mutter the leaſt injurious ſyllable of my paſſion, I ſhould forget our relationſhip, and treat you—zounds, I don't know how I ſhould treat you.

Sir HARRY.

But, dear Sir, who is the ſlanderer? ſhe has deceived you.

GROVEBY.

GROVEBY.

I don't know her name, and you muſt not call her names.

Sir HARRY.

Where did you ſee her?

GROVEBY.

Here, here.

Sir HARRY.

When, Sir?

GROVEBY.

This moment, Sir.

Sir HARRY.

As I came in, Sir?

GROVEBY.

Yes, Sir, yes—ſhe could not bear the ſight of you, and went away.

Sir HARRY.

Dear, Sir, that was Maria herſelf.

GROVEBY.

Maria! what Maria?

GROVEBY.

Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

GROVEBY.

That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and it ſhan't be.

Sir HARRY.

It can be no other, and ſhe is the only perſon upon earth, that could ſpeak without rapture of herſelf.

GROVEBY.

And ſhe is the perſon you are going to marry?

Sir

Sir HARRY.

I cannot deny it.

GROVEBY.

If you did, you ought to be hang'd—follow me, Sir, follow me, Sir—ſhew me to her this moment—don't look with that fooliſh face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I ſay.

Sir HARRY.

What do you mean, Sir?

GROVEBY.

What's that to you, Sir—ſhew me the girl, I ſay; ſhe has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

Sir HARRY.

But, dear Sir?

GROVEBY.

Don't dear me, I won't reſt a moment 'till I have ſeen her; either follow me, or lead the way, for I muſt and will ſee her directly, and then you ſhall know, and ſhe too, that I am—zounds! I'll ſhew you what I am—and ſo come along, you puppy you.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Flower-Garden.*

Enter Lady BAB, *dreſſed as a Shepherdeſs, paſſing over the Stage,* OLDWORTH *following.*

OLDWORTH.

Hiſt, hiſt! Lady Bab. Here comes your prize; for the ſake of mirth, and the revenge of your ſex, don't miſs the opportunity.

Lady BAB.

Not for the world; you ſee I am dreſs'd for the purpoſe. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the ſcene ſhould be loſt, by the interruption of the company---what is that he?

OLDWORTH.

Yes, he is looking out for us.

Lady BAB.

Step behind that ſtump of ſhrubs, and you ſhall ſee what an excellent actreſs I ſhould have made, if fortune had not unluckily brought me into the world an Earl's daughter.

OLDWORTH.

Don't be too haſty, for it is a pity Sir Harry ſhould not be a witneſs; he owes him vengeance too.

Lady BAB.

Away, away—— *(Exit Oldworth.*

Lady Bab retires to a corner of the ſtage.

Enter DUPELEY.

DUPELEY.

Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſpring him and his bride from under a roſe-buſh by and by, like two pheaſants in pairing-time---*(obſerving Lady Bab)* Hah! I wiſh that was a piece of game, ſhe ſhould not want a mate: is that a dreſs now for the day, or is ſhe one of the natives of this extraordinary region?---Oh! I ſee now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been uſed to nothing but daiſy hunting; they are as awkward to her, when ſhe looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

Lady

Lady BAB, (*aſide*)

My ſpark does not ſeem to want obſervation, he is only deficient in expreſſion; but I will help him to that preſently. Now to my character. (*ſettles herſelf*)

DUPELEY, (*aſide*)

What a neck ſhe has? how beautifully nature works, when ſhe is not ſpoil'd by a damn'd town ſtay-maker; what a pity ſhe is ſo awkward; I hope ſhe is not fooliſh.

(*During this obſervation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks firſt at him, then at herſelf; unpins her noſegay, and with an air of the moſt perfect* naiveté, *preſents it to him*)

Lady BAB.

You ſeem to wiſh for my noſegay, Sir, it is much at your ſervice.

(*Offers the flowers, and curtſeys awkward.*

DUPELEY.

Oh, the charming innocent!—my wiſhes extend a little further. A thouſand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own ſweets. To whom am I ſo much obliged?

Lady BAB.

To the garden-man, to be ſure; he has made flowers grow all over the garden, and they ſmell ſo ſweet; pray ſmell 'em, they are charming ſweet I aſſure you, and have ſuch fine colours—law! you are a fine noſegay yourſelf, I think.

(*ſimpers, and looks at him.*

DUPELEY.

Exquiſite ſimplicity! (*half aſide*) ſweet contraſt to

faſhionable affectation---Ah, I knew at firſt glance you were a compound of innocence and ſenſibility.

Lady BAB.

Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper ſo exactly?

DUPELEY.

By a certain inſtinct I have, for I have ſeen few, or none of the ſort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and ſituation?

Lady BAB.

Situation!

DUPELEY.

Ay, what are you?

Lady BAB.

I am a bride maid.

DUPELEY.

But, my ſweet image of ſimplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you paſs your time?

Lady BAB.

I riſe with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. (*With an innocent curtſey.*)

DUPELEY.

O, the delicious deſcription!---beachen ſhades, bleating flocks, Pan, pipes, and paſtorals. (*Aſide.*) What an acquiſition to my fame, as well as pleaſure, to carry off this quinteſſence of Champétre!---'tis but an annuity job---I'll do it.

(*During this ſoliloquy ſhe examines him round and round.*

Lady BAB.

And pray, what may you be? for I never ſaw

ſaw any thing ſo out of the way in all my life!---he, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

DUPELEY.

Be, my dear---I am a gentleman.

Lady BAB.

What a *fine* gentleman! bleſs me, what a thing it is!---this is a fine gentleman!---ha, ha, ha! I never ſaw any thing ſo comical in all my life---ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard ſo much!

DUPELEY.

What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my ſweet innocence?

Lady BAB.

That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as miſchievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

DUPELEY.

And as loving as ſparrows---my beauteous Delia, do not leave out the beſt property of the feathered creation.

Lady BAB.

No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourſelves; ha, ha, ha! You are a ſort of birds, that *flock*, but never *pair*.

DUPELEY.

Why, you are ſatirical, my faireſt; and have you heard any thing elſe of fine gentlemen?

Lady BAB.

Yes, a great deal more---That they take wives for fortunes, and miſtreſſes for ſhew; ſquander their money among taylors, barbers, cooks, and fidlers; pawn

pawn their honour to ſharpers, and their eſtates to Jews; and at laſt run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimzy carcaſe, and an empty pocket---that's a fine gentleman for you!

DUPELEY. (*Surprized.*)

Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble?

Lady BAB.

I am afraid I have gone to far. (*Aſide.*)

DUPELEY. (*Still ſurprized.*)

Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

Lady BAB. (*Reſuming her ſimplicity.*)

My name is Philly.

DUPELEY.

Philly!

Lady BAB.

Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

DUPELEY. (*Still ſuſpicious.*)

And pray, my ſweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady BAB.

O, I learnt it with my catechiſm---Mr. Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

DUPELEY. (*Aſide.*)

O, the glutton!---have I found at laſt the *clue*---I'll be hang'd if old fly-boots has not a rural ſeraglio, and this is the favourite ſultana!

Lady BAB. (*Aſide.*)

I fancy I have put him upon a new ſcent---why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diverſion.

DUPE-

DUPELEY. (*ſignificantly.*)

So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be ſo much afraid of fine gentlemen?

Lady BAB.

No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmleſs if one treats you right, as I do our young maſtiff at home.

DUPELEY.

And how is that, pray?

Lady BAB.

Why, while one keeps at a diſtance, he friſks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a ſad rout about it---Lord you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and aſk him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

DUPELEY.

Well ſaid, rural ſimplicity again!---Oh damn it, I need not be ſo ſqueamiſh here!—Well but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit ſuch a ſin, as to waſte your youth, and your charms upon a ſet of ruſticks here; fly with me to the true region of pleaſure---my chaiſe and four ſhall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the ſervants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady BAB. (*fondly.*)

And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays and all.

DUPELEY. (*aſide.*

Oh, this will do without an annuity, I ſee!

Lady

Lady BAB.

You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberiſh to me now, as ſoon as you ſee the fine ſtrange ladies, by and by---there's Lady Bab Larpoon, I think they call her, from London.

DUPELEY.

Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!----Oh, you have named a ſpecial object for a paſſion---I ſhould as ſoon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards---If *ſhe* has any thing to do with *hearts*, it muſt be when they are trumps, and ſhe pulls them out of her pocket---No, ſweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me inſight into the ſex, and reſerv'd me for a woman in her native charms---here alone ſhe is to be found, and paradiſe is on her lips! (*ſtruggling to kiſs her.*) Thus let me thank you for my noſegay.

During the ſtruggle enter HURRY.

HURRY.

Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyſhip (*pauſes.*) Lord, I thought they never kiſs'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too ſoon---I aſk pardon for interruption. (*going.*

(*Dupeley ſtares, Lady Bab laughs.*)

DUPELEY.

Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

HURRY.

Why, I came with a meſſage for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her anſwer, but you ſtop'd her mouth.

DUPELEY.

Who! what! who!---This is Philly Nettletop!

HUR-

HURRY.

Philly Fiddleſtick---'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, becauſe ſhe has got a new dreſs? But you are ſurpriz'd and buſy, and I am in haſte, ſo your ſervant. [*Exit.*

DUPELEY.

Surpriz'd indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady BAB.

No, no, Philly Nettletop! (*curtſeys.*

DUPELEY.

Here's a damn'd ſcrape! (*aſide.*

Lady BAB.

In every capacity, Sir---*a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's miſtreſs, or the Great Mogul,* equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

(*Slowly, and with a low curtſey.*

Enter OLDWORTH *and Sir* HARRY, (*laughing.*)

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to preſent to you a gentleman remarkable for ſecond ſight; he knows all women by inſtinct,

Sir HARRY.

From a Princeſs to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole—I am rejoiced, I came in time for the cataſtrophe.

Lady BAB.

Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

(*Pointing at Dupeley, who is diſconcerted.*)

OLDWORTH.

I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr. Dupeley has been miſtaken!

Lady BAB.

Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, conſidering you have not been two hours in the houſe, you have ſucceeded admirably, to recommend yourſelf to your company; why you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a falſe card.

DUPELEY.

The devil's in her, I believe; ſhe overbears me ſo, that I have not a word to ſay for myſelf.

Lady BAB.

Well, tho' I laugh now, I am ſure I have moſt reaſon to be diſconcerted, for that blundering fellow ſpoiled my fortune.

Sir HARRY.

How ſo?

Lady BAB.

Why, I ſhould have had an annuity

OLDWORTH.

Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourſelves admirably: Mr. Dupeley muſt forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, ſhould bear the triumph moderately.

DUPELEY.

I own myſelf her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. (*Kneels.*

Lady BAB.

The laurels have been moſtly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

DUPELEY.

Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir

Sir HARRY.

Now this ſcene is finiſhed, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much ſignalized as her ladyſhip's wit—my old uncle Groveby——

Lady BAB.

Of Gloomſtock-hall.

Sir HARRY.

The ſame, and full primed with the rhetorick of ſixty-five, againſt a marriage of inclination; but ſuch a converſion! ſuch a revolution!

OLDWORTH.

Your uncle here! I muſt chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me, that you had a relation, ſo well intitled to be conſulted---which way is he?

Sir HARRY.

I left him all in tranſport with my bride; he kiſſes her, and ſqueezes her hand---'gad, I ſhan't get her away from him, without your help.

DUPELEY.

Poor Sir Harry!

Lady BAB.

If ſhe has ſweetened that old Crab, that his ſourneſs will not ſet our teeth an edge, ſhe has work'd miracles indeed.

Sir HARRY.

There you totally miſtake his character, Lady Bab: ---no---he has the heart of an Oldworth. (*addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Oldworth*) Though I confeſs with very different manners; his expreſſion often puts me in mind of the harſh preparation of inſtruments;

your ear is jarred, before it is delighted---but attend to his ſentiments, and as Hamlet ſays,

He will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſick.

He never ſaid or did an ill-natured thing in his life.

Lady BAB.

I wiſh I had him in town, to contraſt with ſome *ſmooth* ſucceſsful characters of my acquaintance, who will ſmile upon you, even though you affront them, and always flatter your judgement, when they mean to pick your pocket—but here he is, I declare, and looks if he was quite in tune.

Enter GROVEBY *with* MARIA *under his arm.*

Sir HARRY, (*running to her*)

I was coming to ſeek you, my Maria.

GROVEBY.

Your Maria! Sir, my Maria—*ſhe* will own me, if you won't—there, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

(*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the ſtage.*

OLDWORTH.

Sir, I have many pardons to aſk of you; but Sir Harry will be my witneſs, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and ſituation, I ſhould have paid you my reſpects months ago.

GROVEBY.

Sir, I don't wonder the graceleſs rogue forgot me, but I ſhall be even with him; he ſhan't have a guinea from me.

OLDWORTH.

Good Sir, you are not ſerious that he has offended you—

GROVEBY.

GROVEBY.

I am ſerious, that I have found another inheritor for Gloomſtock-Hall—I have got a niece, worth twenty ſuch nephews, (*Maria and Sir Harry approaching*) Ay, you may look, Sir, but *ſhe* ſhall have every acre of it. (*taking Maria by the hand*)

Sir HARRY.

I ever found your kindneſs paternal, and you now give me the beſt proof of it.

GROVEBY.

No, Sir, had I been your father, and you had ſurpriſed me with a match like this, I ſhould have taken another method.

Sir HARRY.

What would that have been, my dear Uncle?

GROVEBY.

I would have loaded you with all the rents, and you ſhould have been forced to keep me, at your own expence, for the reſt of my life, Sirrah.

Lady BAB.

There is a ſort of humour about this old fellow, that is not unpleaſant; I muſt have a little laugh with her before the day is over.

GROVEBY.

Well, Mr. Oldworth, I intend there ſhall be no more ceremony between us; I ſhall not quit your Champétre, I aſſure you—but what ſhall I do, to equip myſelf; one ſhall look like a fool, it ſeems, dreſſed in one's own cloaths.

OLDWORTH.

Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day—you ſhall be ſupplied—

I took care to be provided with plenty of habits for chance comers.

GROVEBY.

Why, then, this lady, who looks like a merry one, ſhall chooſe for me, if ſhe will do me that favour?

Lady BAB.

With great pleaſure, Sir; and before I have done with you, I'll make you look—

GROVEBY.

Ay, what ſhall I look, fair lady?

Lady BAB.

Why, like Old Burliegh, revived from the Champétre, Leiceſter gave to Queen Elizabeth, at Kenelworth-Caſtle.

GROVEBY.

And no bad compliment, neither—Gad, fair lady, if you could revive more of 'em, it would do the country no harm, I believe.

OLDWORTH.

Well, my good friends—now for a ſlight refreſhment, and then for the happy rites. Who muſt lead the bride?

GROVEBY.

That will I---ſhe is my neice, and only your ward. Give me your hand, Lady Paramount, of Gloomſtock-Hall. *(Leads Maria off.)*

DUPELEY.

And may I be thought worthy to offer mine to the lovely Phillida?

Lady

Lady BAB.

She accepts of your ſagacity as Cavalier Servante and Ceciſbo (*going off*) and as we go along, we will talk of the annuity.

DUPELEY, (*half aſide*)

Gad, you deſerve one—and, if I durſt, I'd make it a jointure—and now, if you pleaſe, you may over hear that, my Lady Quickears. (*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A GROVE.

Enter HURRY (*In great ſpirits.*)

HERE, laſs, take this baſket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year—tell all the girls to be ſure they ſtrew in time to the muſic; and bid Dolly Dump ſmile, and not look as if ſhe was at a funeral. [*Exit Girl.*

What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my ſkin, and into it again—here, you, Robin—

Enter ROBIN.

ROBIN.

What ſay you, Maſter Hurry?

HURRY.

What ſignifies what I ſay, when you are running and fluſtering about, that you can neither hear, ſee, nor underſtand!

ROBIN.

Law, Maſter, I try to do every thing after you—where ſhall I go next?

HURRY.

Run away to the ringers, and ſet the bells a-going directly—and do you hear (*Robin returns*) Huzza all of you, till no body can hear the bells. [*Exit Robin.*

What

What have I to do now?—ho, I muſt go down to the Tents. *(Going.)* No, I'll go firſt to the Shrubbery, and tell the muſicianers—*(Going, and returns.)* That I have done already—I muſt take care that none of the ſervants—that will do by-and-by. I muſt bid the maids—'gad I muſt not go near *them* neither in theſe rampant ſpirits—I am ſo full of every thing, that I can think for nothing but to be mad with joy!

[*Exit ſinging and capering.*

SCENE II. *Arcades of Flowers.*

Proceſſion from the Marriage, Bells ringing, Muſic playing, and Huzzas at a diſtance.

S O N G.

FEMALE VOICE.

Breezes that attend the ſpring,
Bear the ſound on roſy wing,
Waft the ſwelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding day.

CHORUS of FEMALE VOICES.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and ſwain,
Dreſs'd in garlands freſh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

MALE VOICE.

Hence ſuſpicion, envy, ſtrife,
Ev'ry ill that poiſons life,
Skulking vice, and ſpecious art,
All that ſpoils, or cheats the heart.

CHORUS of MALE VOICES.

Here the chaſtened Loves invite,
Harmleſs dalliance, pure delight,
Choral ſonnet, feſtive play,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

MALE VOICE.

PLENTY *come with ceaſeleſs hoard,*
MIRTH *to crown the evening board,*
TRUTH *the nuptial bed to guard,*
JOY *and* PEACE, *its bright reward.*

FEMALE VOICES.

But the chief invited gueſt,
HEALTH *in roſy mantle dreſt,*
Come, and with the lengthened ſtay,
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and ſwain,
Dreſs'd in garlands freſh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

OLDWORTH.

Thank you, my honeſt friends and neighbours; if *your* hearts o'erflow with joy, how muſt it be with *mine?* I beg you to retire a moment. *(they retire.*

(He walks about greatly agitated.)

Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this? I cannot bear it! the tide's too ſtrong, and will o'erwhelm me.

MARIA.

What is the cauſe of this?

OLDWORTH.

You are, Maria---you!

MARIA.

Am I, Sir?---heav'n forbid!

OLDWORTH

Heaven has granted it, and I avow it---I have liv'd to ſee in theſe times, ſucceſsful merit, and diſintereſted love---my hopes and wiſhes are accompliſh'd! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

MARIA,

Sir!

OLDWORTH.

Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, ſpeak the diſcovery.

MARIA.

O, Sir! explain this myſtery!

OLDWORTH.

I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

MARIA.

MARIA.

How, how, Sir!---I am loſt in rapture and amazement!

GROVEBY.

So we are all.

OLDWORTH.

Excuſe me, brother, Madam, all—my ſtory is very ſhort, Maria; the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a ſplendid heireſs; I trembled at the dangers of that ſituation, made more dangerous by the loſs of your mother---to be the object of flattery, in the very cradle, and made a prey to intereſt is the common lot attending it---Theſe reflections, call them whim, call them ſingularities, what you pleaſe, induced me to conceal your birth; being abroad at the time, the plan was eaſily executed.

MARIA.

How blind have I been? Benevolent as you are to all, I might ſtill have perceived and interpreted the diſtinction of your unremitting tenderneſs---how could I miſtake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondneſs?

OLDWORTH.

Your happineſs has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuſe—The deſign has anſwered wonderfully—for though Maria's virtues would have found their luſtre under any tryal, there would have wanted the humble ſtation of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a diſintereſted lover.

MARIA.

O, Sir! expect not *words*—where ſhall I find even *ſentiments* of tenderneſs, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before.

OLD-

OLDWORTH.

The life of my ward, is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife—To you, Sir Harry, I ſhall make no apology for my ſecrecy; it has ſerved to give ſcope and exerciſe to your generoſity, a ſenſation more gratifying to minds, like your's, than any acquiſition of fortune—that pleaſure paſt, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir HARRY.

Sir, your conduct does not ſurpriſe, but it overwhelms me—long may you remain the poſſeſſor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you ceaſe to be ſo, he will ill deſerve to ſucceed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

DUPELEY.

New joy to the diſintereſted lover, and to the deſtined Queen of the Oaks!

Lady BAB.

To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits—Mr. Oldworth, you promiſed us a ſingular regale, but you have outdone yourſelf.

GROVEBY.

Regale! egad I don't know what to call it—he has almoſt turned the Champétre into a tragedy, I think—I never felt my eyes twinkle ſo oddly before, but I ſhall be merry by and by; and when I begin, have at you double bottles and long corks!

OLDWORTH.

My worthy friend, brother let me call you! I have robbed you of a pleaſure; I know you alſo had your eye upon my Maid of the Oaks, for an exerciſe of your generoſity.

GROVE-

GROVEBY.

It is very true, I ſhould have been as well pleaſed as her lover to receive her only with an under petticoat, though not quite for the ſame reaſon—but you may perceive how curſedly vexed I am at the diſappointment. *(pauſes.)* Ay, I muſt alter the diſpoſition of my acres once more—I will have no Nabobs nor Nabobbeſſes in my family.

Lady BAB.

The females would be the better of the two, for all that; they would not be guilty of ſo much rapacity to acquire a fortune, and they would ſpend it to better purpoſes.

DUPELEY.

By as much as a province is better diſpoſed of in a jewel at the breaſt of a Cleopatra, than when it is melted down in the fat guts of mayors and burgeſſes of country corporations.

GROVEBY.

I agree in your preference between the two; but an honeſt country gentleman, and a plain Engliſh wife, is more reſpectable and uſeful than both—ſo do you hear, Madam, take care to provide me a ſecond ſon, fit for that ſort of family—let him be an honeſt fellow, and a jolly fellow, and in every reſpect a proper repreſentative for Gloomſtock-hall.

Enter HURRY.

HURRY.

An't pleaſe your honour and worſhip, here are all the quality perſons in fanciful dreſſes—you never ſaw ſuch a ſight, they are for all the world like the Turks and Pruſſians—do but look at 'em, how they come prancing

prancing along through the grove; I never ſaw any thing ſo fine, and ſo proud, and ſo fantaſtical—Lord, I wonder any body will ever wear a coat and waiſt-coat again—This is *ſhampeter* indeed!

GROVEBY.

My friend Hurry is in the right—Harry, come and help to dreſs me, for 'till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among 'em.

Sir HARRY.

I'll wait upon you—My ſweet Maria, I muſt leave you for a few minutes—for an age.

OLDWORTH.

My heart is now diſburthen'd, and free to entertain my friends—Conie, Maria, let us meet 'em, and ſhew in our faces the joy of our hearts—Will your ladyſhip and Mr. Dupeley aſſiſt us?

[*Exit Oldworth and Sir Harry.*

Lady BAB.

O, moſt willingly, Mr. Oldworth!

(*As ſhe is going out, ſhe ſees Aſtræa coming,*

"Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!"

DUPELEY.

Hey-day! what is coming, Lady Bab?

Lady BAB.

O, that moſt hideous of all goblins, a country couſin—and I can neither avoid her, nor overlook her, as I ſhould to do in town.

DUPELEY.

Where is the barbarian?

Lady

Lady BAB.

Miſtake her if you can—the lovely Diana there that is talking to Maria, with a tin creſcent upon her head, big enough for a Turkiſh moſque.

DUPELEY, *(looking through his glaſs.)*

Oh, I have her—

By her ſtep, the goddeſs is revealed.

Lady BAB.

What can I do with her? ſhe'll ſuffocate me if you don't take her off my hands.

Enter ACTÆA, *followed by ſix hunters.*

ACTÆA.

O couſin! Lady Bab! here am I at the head of my hunters—I left the company to come to you—I want to practiſe my ſong before I ſing it in publick, you ſhall hear me. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady BAB.

O you delicate creature! pray let us hear it—while ſhe is ſinging we'll ſteal off and join the company. *(aſide to Dupeley.)* Come, my dear, pray begin.

ACTÆA

ACTÆA ſings her HUNTING SONG.

(During which Lady Bab and Dupeley ſteal off laughing.)

Come, rouſe from your trances!
The ſly morn advances,
To catch ſluggiſh mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind ſweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head:
Each away to his ſteed,
Your Goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds ſnuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow!

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they ſkim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies reſound;
With daſhing,
And ſplaſhing,
The hills, woods, and vallies reſound:
Then away with full ſpeed,
Your Goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you ſtop you're too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow!

After the Song, the * *Scene opens, and diſcovers*

The GARDENS illuminated.

ACTÆA *and her* FOLLOWERS, *join the Company.*

Another ſet of Company dance a Country-Dance.

Enter OLDWROTH.

OLDWORTH.

This is as it ſhould be—a dance, or a ſong, or a ſhout of joy, meets me at every turn; but come, ladies, I ſhall truſt you no more in the gardens; at leaſt not my fair dancers; though the evening is fine it may be deceitful, we have prepared a place under cover for the reſt of the entertainment.

Enter HURRY.

HURRY.

Gentlemen, nobility, ladies and gentry, you are all wanted in the Temple of Venice, to—but I'll not ſay what, that you may be more ſurpriz'd; and if you are ſurpriz'd here, you'll be more ſurprized there, and we ſhan't have done with you there neither—pray make haſte or you'll get no places. *(They all croud off.*

---

* The painting of this Scene is taken from a Portico, in the Gardens of Lord Stanly, as illuminated at his entertainment laſt ſummer.

HURRY,

HURRY, (*Alone.*)

Bleſs my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—my head ſeems quite illuminationed as well as that there. (*Points to the building.*) See what it is to have more buſineſs than one's brains can bear; I am as giddy as a gooſe; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to day—but three glaſſes of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet—I ſhould like to lie down a little—but then what would become of the *Shaw-Peter*—no, as I am entruſted with a high office, I ſcorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—ay, and my hands too—and I wiſh all my countrymen had done the ſame at this general election. (*Reels off.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *The Saloon.* *

A MINUET.

After the Minuet, enter a SHEPHERDESS, *drawing forward a* SHEPHERD *by the arm.*

DUETTO.

SHE.

SIMON, why ſo loſt in wonder,
At theſe folk of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder;
Love is wealth to you and me.

HE.

Phœbe ſtop, and learn more duty,
We're too lowly here to pleaſe:
Oh, how ſplendor brightens beauty!
Who'd not wiſh to be like theſe?

SHE.

Prithee, Simon, ceaſe this gazing,
They're deceitful, as they're fair;

HE.

But their looks are all ſo pleaſing,
Phœbe, how can I forbear?

SHE.

Simon, ſtop, and learn more duty;

HE.

Honeſt freedom can't diſpleaſe;

BOTH.

---

* This Scene is alſo a repreſentation of the temporary ſaloon, as deſigned by Mr. Adam, and erected at Lord Stanley's.

BOTH.

HE. *Riches give* new *charms to beauty.*
SHE. *Riches give* no *charms to beauty.*
HE. Who'd not *wiſh to be like theſe?*
SHE. Who wou'd *wiſh to be like theſe?*

* SONG.

I.

O Simon, ſimple Simon, know,
The fineſt garments cover woe;
The outſide glitter never tells
The grief of heart, that inward dwells.

II.

We ruſtic folk ſo true and plain,
Shall ne'er allure the light and vain;
Whate'er without *our fortune wears,*
Within no pang our boſom tears.

III.

O Simon, ſimple Simon, know,
That lack of wealth, is lack of woe;
Then homeward go, and let us prove,
The greateſt bliſs, content with love.

The

* This ſong is omitted in the repreſentation.

The Character of FOLLY enters from the Top of the Stage to lively Symphony.

SONG.

Make room, my good neighbours, of every degree,
My name it is FOLLY, *who does not know me?*
Of high ones, and low ones, of great and of ſmall,
I've been the companion, and friend of you all:
Wherever I come, I drive away care,
And if there's a crowd, I'm ſure to be there.
I'm here, and there,
And every where,
All know me—all know me—
Where'er I come,
Nobody's dumb;
Prating, prancing,
Singing, dancing;
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

II.

From country elections, I gallop poſt haſte,
For there, I am always the moſt buſy gueſt;
And whether it be in the country or town,
I'm hugg'd very cloſe, by the cit and the clown:
The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
If I do not ſweeten—breed nothing but gall.
I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

III.

The ſtateſman, without me, unhappy wou'd be;
No lady, ſo chaſte, but gallants it with me;
The graveſt of faces, who phyſick the land,
For all their grimaces, ſhake me by the hand;
At the play-houſe, a friend to the author, I ſit,
And clap in the gallery, the boxes and pit.
I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

A

(*A ſlow ſymphony—all the company retire to the wings on each ſide; the curtains of the ſaloon are drawn up, and diſcovers the company at ſupper.*)

Enter DRUID.

DRUID.

FOLLY, away! nor taint this nuptial feaſt!
I come, a friendly, ſelf-invited gueſt;
The Druid of theſe Oaks, long doom'd to dwell
Inviſible, 'till beauty broke the ſpell;
Beauty, which here erects her throne,
And every ſpell diſſolves, except her own.

Intended to be ſung.

Beauty breaks the magic ſpell,
Her pow'r can ev'ry power ſubdue;
Can charm the Druid from his cell,
To revel and rejoice with you!
What cannot beauty, ſpotleſs beauty do?

Stand all apart, while mortals learn
The recompence their virtues earn;
When thus the gen'rous court *their* power,
Celeſtial guardians find the dower,
And theſe are manſions they prepare,
For the diſint'reſted and fair.

(*He waves his wand.*)

The Scene breaks away, and diſcovers the

PALACE OF CELESTIAL LOVE.

MARIA, take this oaken crown,
The region round is all your own:
See ev'ry Driad of the groves,
With bending head, ſalute your loves;

And

And Naiads, deck'd in conſtant green,
With homage due, avow their queen;
Here all of autumn, all of ſpring,
The flower and fruit to you they bring;
And, while they heap the laviſh ſtore,
A father's bleſſing makes it more.

MARIA.

It does, indeed! my heart o'erflows with happineſs.

OLDWORTH.

Long, long, may it do ſo! my dear, my matchleſs daughter!—Come then, my friends and children; I ſee our joys are too ſincere and ſpirited to be any longer celebrated in magic and allegory.

GROVEBY.

I aſk your pardon, friend Oldworth; this reverend old gentleman Druid has charmed me, and I hope we ſhall have more of his company—A contempt for old times may be faſhionable, but I am pleas'd with every thing that brings them to my remembrance—I love an old oak at my heart, and can ſit under its ſhade 'till. I dream of Creſſy and Agincourt; it is the emblem of Britiſh fortitude, and like the heroic ſpirits of the iſland, while it o'ertops, it protects the undergrowth—And now, old ſon of Miſletoe, ſet that ſentiment to muſic.

OLDWORTH.

And he ſhall, brother.

(*Druid gives ſigns to the muſicians.*

SONG.

TWO VOICES.

Grace and ſtrength of Britain's iſle,
Mayſt thou long thy glories keep,
Make her hills with verdure ſmile,
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.

CHORUS. Grace and ſtrength, &c.

DUPELEY.

Well, Lady Bab, are your ſpirits quite exhauſted, or have the events of the day made you penſive? I begin to believe there are more rational ſyſtems of happineſs than ours—ſhou'd my fair inſtructreſs become a convert, my ambition wou'd be ſtill to follow her.

Lady BAB.

I am no convert—my mind has ever been on the ſide of reaſon, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practice, or even to contemplate it as I ought—but to follow faſhion, where we feel ſhame, is ſurely the ſtrongeſt of all hypocriſy, and from this moment I renounce it.

GROVEBY.

And you never made a better renounce in your life.

Lady BAB.

Lady Groveby, accept the friendſhip of one ſincerely deſirous to imitate your virtues—Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbad your company maſks upon their faces, I have worn one upon my character, to you, and to the world.

OLDWORTH.

Lady Bab wanted but the reſolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank, and to the age.

DUPELEY.

To thoſe charms I owe my converſion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, juſtly fixes with her, from whom it received the firſt impreſſion of love and reaſon—There wants but the hand of Lady Bab, to make Oldworth's Oaks diſtinguiſhed by another union, founded on merit in her ſex, and diſcernment in mine.

Lady BAB.

Sir, your propoſal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—after the life we have led, ſix months probation may be very proper for us both.

OLDWORTH.

Amiable Lady Bab!—Confer the gift when you pleaſe; but my Fête Champétre ſhall be remember'd as the date of the promiſe—and now for ſuch a ſong and dance as will beſt conclude ſo happy a day.

(*Short flouriſh of Inſtruments.*)

VAUDEVILLE.

SHEPHERD.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your preſence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome our innocent ſports,
And the fruits that our induſtry yields.

CHORUS. Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raiſe to the idol of wealth,
No altar to intereſt ſmokes,
To the bleſſing of love, kind ſeaſons and health,
Is devoted the Feaſt of the Oaks.

CHORUS. No temple we raiſe, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

SHEPHERDESS.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers haſten away,
Your encouraging ſmile is the bounty they want,
To compenſate the toils of the day;
CHORUS. From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the plowman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all preſs to the brow,
To aſſiſt at the Feaſt of the Oaks.
CHORUS. The milk maid, &c.

SHEPHERD.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reaſon to govern the pleaſures of youth,
And decorate age with a ſmile;
CHORUS. The precept we teach, &c.

No ſerpent approaches with venemous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critick, more fatal than both,
Shall poiſon the Feaſt of the Oaks.
CHORUS. No ſerpent approaches, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

Bring roſes, and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
Ply the flutes in new meaſures to move,
And lengthen the ſong to the ſtar of the eve,
The favouring planet of love.
CHORUS. Bring roſes, and myrtles, &c.

Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
Each ſhepherd the bleſſing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.
CHORUS. Oh Venus! propitious, &c.

DRUID.

DRUID. (*Stopping the Muſicians.*)

Yet hold—though Druid now no more,
He's wrong who thinks my ſpells are o'er,
Thus midſt you all I throw them round,
Oh, may they fall on genial ground!
May ev'ry breaſt their influence prove!
The magic lies in *truth of Love.*
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry ſcene,
Reſtores from clouds the blue ſerene,
And makes, without a regal dome,
A palace of each humble home.

(*Exeunt.*

The Whole finiſhes with

A GRAND DANCE.

FINIS.